

## THE TRUE DEMOCRAT.

JOHN G. COLLINS, Publisher.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

### CLIPPINGS AND COMMENT

#### From the State Newspapers on Divers Interesting Topics.

The Tallahassee True Democrat is now printed upon an up-to-date newspaper press. You can't down a man like John Collins.—Apalachicola Times.

The Tallahassee Daily Capital heads its local column "Live Locals." We are gratified to know that the locals are alive, as almost everything else in that paper is dead stuff.—Inverness Chronicle.

After all Florida is not free from plagues. A few weeks ago yellow fever appeared in Pensacola, and today Senator Ben Tillman is booked for a lecture at DeLand. Sam Jones will probably be the next.—West Palm Beach Sun.

Thos. J. Appleyard, who has a bee in his bonnet and aspirations to become a Railroad Commissioner in place of a better man now holding that position, promises to begin a defense of the Jennings administration. When he does so, we promise Uncle Tommie Rot all he is reaching after. Just come on!—Tallahassee True Democrat.

When Tommas does run for office, what we will do for him down this way will be a plenty. Run, Tommas, run! We want to see you run.—Inverness Chronicle.

In speaking of Governor Croom sometimes called by his relatives and those close to him as Comptroller Croom—the Jasper Banner of Liberty says: [Here follows the article on railroad valuations which we have already reprinted.] Yes, this is one instance, and shows some facts worthy of careful study. There are other "instances" that can and will be brought to light of the acts of this great mogul. He can't fool all the people all the time.—Inverness Chronicle.

According to The True Democrat, and there is no reason for doubting its veracity, the following is the method of practice at the capitol when complaint is made of the State printing: "Why," said the "Boss," "the State printer has been losing money; he is a friend of mine, and has done me some good turns. We must wink at some things!" Such a mild form of expression, when total blindness in this matter is really the case. And the "defenders" who recently said, "O, pshaw," at the allegation of crookedness, will they answer or have they fled to the bombproof?—Arcadia News.

A grafter is a fellow who gets in "with the gang" and bleeds the people. He puts on a lot of style, he pretends to do a little work and draws a big price for it. The Geneva Reaper, in speaking of the cuss, says: "Graft and grafter are merely polite terms for theft and thief. It is a sop to 'respectable pilferers' whom to call thieves would be so harsh, doncherknow." All the same, the penitentiary door is none too narrow for them—those insurance or eminent grafters." And yet it is said there are some of them buzzing around the capitol city of our State. The Tallahassee True Democrat is making the fact known, and promises to give "facts and figures" when the proper time comes. Go on, brother; we glory in your spunk.—Milton Index.

Steve Melton, noted as a talker, had been entertaining a lot of visitors in the northwest corner, and when he went to shake hands with the President he found Joe Stripling telling the President all about hunting in Florida. Stripling talked of big game, and then began to discuss birds. The tall district attorney knew all about birds, and as he enumerated them Dan Gerow, who was standing close by, as a big Republican officeholder should, whispered to Joe that he was proving a bore, as the only bird that Roosevelt cared for was the "dove of peace." "You are away off," exclaimed Melton. "The President's favorite bird is a 'stork,' and I can prove it by him." The President was greatly amused at this joke and laughed heartily at Melton's wit, and said if there were more storks there would be no occasion for warning regarding race suicide.—Jacksonville Metropolis.

#### Fever Disappears.

The latest news from Pensacola is that the yellow plague has practically disappeared. No new cases, and only 6 new under treatment.

In New Orleans there have been no new cases for several days, and the city has assumed its normal aspect.

#### Chapped Hands.

Wash your hands with warm water, dry with a towel and apply Chamberlain's Salve just before going to bed, and a speedy cure is certain. This salve is also unequalled for skin diseases. For sale by all druggists.

#### For the Senate.

Elsewhere in this issue will be found the announcement of Hon. John W. Henderson as a candidate for State Senator for the 8th district (Leon county). He is the people's candidate, and he will be nominated almost unanimously.

Mr. W. D. Wilson has had the sidewalk in front of his vacant lots on Clinton street put in good shape.

Miss Rosalie Sauls returned to Callahan Tuesday, having been summoned home to attend the obsequies of her brother's son, little Henry.

See the attractive advertisements in this week's issue. You will always save money by trading with these live business men who invite your trade through your home paper.

#### Gubernatorial Suggestions.

From Palatka News.

You can't help it, and probably don't want to. But the live men of the State whose business takes them into hotel lobbies and other places where men congregate, will and do spend their idle moments in discussing available candidates for the governorship and other political matters. These men are the kind who make sentiment. They, too, usually come nearest to voicing current opinion.

At the Saratoga hotel the other evening were a dozen commercial men. The subject came up. Then John McRea, the big, vigorous and always interesting and popular representative of the Covington Company, spoke: "I am for George W. Wilson, of the Times-Union. I have known him for years. Most of the people know him. He is a good, clean, capable man, and would the State a good administration without any frills. Don't know whether he could be nominated or not, but, well, primaries are peculiar."

There were one or two assents to the proposition, then another man, a Jacksonville man whose name we did not learn, spoke up:

"The best man I know for the office of Governor of Florida lives right here in Palatka. I mean Dr. E. S. Crill. There is the man to give us an intelligent, business administration with no nonsense and no graft attachments. He is one of the best posted men regarding the State finances in Florida. He knows the State from A to Z. He is absolutely honest. Good many cheap guys jumped on him last spring when he introduced that Key West extension bill in the Senate. Said he was a railroad man. He was but not in the sense they meant. Now, those guys sing a different song. They see that this Key West railway extension is going to prove the biggest thing that ever happened to Florida. It's going to shove all Cuban travel and freight through Florida, and it's going to make of the Island City the one important, because nearest and most direct, point of embarkation for the Panama canal. That was Senator Crill's work, and not only that, but he has saved the State of Florida a heap by interposing his head full of conservative brains to prevent ill-advised legislation. I am for Crill, and I believe he could be nominated."

Several of those present also spoke in approval of Dr. Crill. Then Mr. McRea said: Dr. Crill is undoubtedly one of the purest men in politics in this or any other State. I don't know as he would run, but I will say that if he was Governor of Florida, there would be an end of graft, and the affairs of state would be conducted in a dignified manner—something that has not always been during these latter years."

Travelling men not only sell goods, but they build political sentiment, and their utterances are generally of the most sensible sort.

#### Iamonia News.

November 6.—The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Metcalf Circuit convened at Spring Hill, Thomas County, Ga., on the 1st inst. As Rev. E. T. Cook, the Presiding Elder, was sick, he sent Rev. J. M. Outler, who preaches in Thomasville, to help the Conference, which he did to the satisfaction of every body, and preached a very fine sermon to the congregation. All the Conference collections were paid in full.

The preacher's salary was overpaid. The circuit has received a creditable increase in membership.

Rev. W. C. Embry preached at Bethpage last Sunday, which, to this church, is the last sermon for the year 1905. He has done a faithful year's work, and this scribe thinks he would be gladly received another year.

On last Friday Miss Elia Quale finished a short term of school at the Bethpage Academy, and will return to her home near Dawson, Ga. Miss Elia is very popular in this neighborhood and will be missed.

Miss Roberta Geddie arrived here on Saturday, and will teach the Strickland school. She begins school today.

The Misses Shine, of Jacksonville, are visiting Mrs. Katie Robertson.

Mr. J. R. Jones, of Tallahassee, was up on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Sessions last Sunday.

Miss Nomah Monroe, of Metcalf, was on a visit to Miss Maggie Brown and Mrs. Mat. Williams during Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. E. Mabry went to Tallahassee on Sunday afternoon. He is on his way to Ocklockonee Bay, where he expects to meet his family and return with them to Metcalf.

There is very little cotton left in the field at present. Corn is being gathered rapidly. Some farmers have dug up seed cane.

#### THE FIRST PSALM.

Happiness of the Godly. Misery of the Wicked.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4. The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5. Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

#### Swells of Ancient Egypt.

From what has come down to us, written, painted or chiseled, the Egyptian lord must have been a great swell. The details of the twelfth dynasty show Egyptian elegance at its best. The lord has a male housekeeper, his miatre d'hote, called "superintendent of the provision house." There was a "superintendent of the baking house," and the mixer of drinks had the title of "scribe of the sideboard." Perhaps he was a butler and regulated the supply of wines from the cellar. There were gardeners, porters and handcraft men, all busy in attending to the "master." "A preparer of sweets" must have been a confectioner. The Egyptian when he was no longer mortal had hopes of being well fed in the hereafter, as he believed he would be nourished in his particular heaven with abundant goose and beef. Offerings to gods show the variety of the Egyptian menu, and in one are included ten kinds of cooked meat, five kinds of birds or game, sixteen varieties of bread and cake, six assorted wines, four brews of beers, eleven sorts of fruits and an endless number of sweet things.

#### Flowers in Northern Russia.

An English traveler in northern Russia writes to the Gardener's Chronicle that nothing surprised him more than the universal presence of well grown flowering plants in dwelling rooms. Even in the cells of monasteries and in the studios of city photographers further north than Archangel he found such plants as clematis, crotons, pelargoniums and fuchsias in almost every room. The double windows, so necessary to keep out the cold, have a draft tight space between them filled with flowering plants, and it does not seem necessary to open them for air during the short hot summer. From September to June the country is buried in snow and shut in by ice. The average temperature for January is only 10 degrees. The July temperature, however, has an average of 60 degrees F., which is hardly to be wondered at when it is remembered that the sun shines twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four.

#### Lost the Prize.

James Crossley, a noted English bibliophile, died him one memorable day to a bookstall in Shudehill market and, spying a little volume, took it up and glanced carelessly through it. After awhile he asked its price from an old woman and was told it was two and sixpence. "I'll give you sixpence for it," said Crossley. "Nay," replied the poor old dame; "it cost me 2 shillings." Whereupon our book devourer threw it down in disgust and retired. A gentleman, overhearing the altercation, stepped forward and purchased it at the sum demanded. Crossley returned soon after and, noticing the book had gone, anxiously inquired what had become of it. "Sold," answered the woman, "for what you refused to give." "Tell me who bought it, and I'll give him 10 shillings for it," said Crossley eagerly. The moral is self evident.

#### A Ray of Light.

The straightest thing in nature or art is a ray of light when passing through a medium of uniform density. Hence the eye is enabled to test the straightness of an edge or tube by holding it as nearly as possible coincident with a ray of light, such parts as depart from straightness then intercepting a ray and causing a shade to be cast upon other parts. It is not known at what early period in the history of mankind the discovery was made that straightness could be thus determined. It is certain that thousands of mechanics use the method daily without being able to give a rational explanation of it.

#### A Japanese Test.

In Japan it appears that one factor entering into the choice of a daughter-in-law is her skill in raising silkworms. There is more to this than appears on the surface of the statement, for it seems that the thread spun by a silkworm is regular and even in proportion, as the worm has been regularly and carefully fed. The prospective mother-in-law carefully and minutely examines the garments of the aspiring bride, judging of her qualifications by their condition.

#### The Man Who Never Kicks.

There are some people who through slowness, indifference or sheer terror of their fellows go through life suffering many unpleasant things without protest. They dislike "fuss" or they are too careless or happy to go lucky to assert themselves; hence they come off badly everywhere. These are the men who always get the uncooked chops and the tough cuts off the joint.—London Saturday Review.

#### An Altered Case.

Ascum—Have you seen anything of Jiggins lately? Doctor—Yes. I prescribed a trip to Europe for him only this morning. Ascum—Indeed! He's getting wealthy, isn't he? Doctor—Well, I can remember when I used to prescribe for him simply a dose of sodium bromide for the same complaint.

## AN INDIAN'S CUNNING

### THE BLACKFEET'S STORY OF THE GREAT WHITE HORSE.

Daring Strategy by Which This Fleetest of All Steeds Was Secured For His Own Tribe by the Smartest Thief Among the Crows.

All Indians who use horses are very fond of horse racing and not only race their own horses against one another, but they race their own against those of other tribes and used to do this even in the wild era of the buffalo and of constant warfare. Even at that time friendly tribes and bands joined in the two grand buffalo hunts of each year and after the hunting was over pitted the fastest horses of the various bands one against the other. At one time not so very long ago the Blackfeet had the very fastest horse that any one knew of, the fastest horse of which any one could tell or which any one had seen. He was a source of wealth to the tribe, for Indians are very fond of betting, and this animal always won everything that was bet against him. You can imagine how proud the Blackfeet were of this creature. You can also imagine how envious were the Stoney, the Crow, the Sioux, the Creeks and all the other Indians of the plains.

Stealing is considered fair between tribes, and if it can be successfully done those savage people think it very honorable, even glorious. The Blackfeet, therefore, kept the wonderful race horse in a tent at night. They did not dare leave him out with their other horses. They bought a string of bells at the Hudson Bay company's nearest fort, put the bells around the horse's neck, tied him to a teepee pole inside a big teepee and set four men to sleep in the tent with him. This was the rule every night, and on no night did the men forget to close the door of the teepee and "cinch" it tight with thongs of buckskin. Whoever could steal that big white beauty of a horse had to be a very clever thief, they thought; but, in truth, they never dreamed that he could be stolen.

The smartest thief among the Crow Indians told his chief and the head men that he was going to try to get that horse away from the Blackfeet. One evening he crawled through the grass to the tall bluff along the Bow river (north of our Idaho, I think, was the locality), where the Blackfeet had their camp. He saw the noble horse led into a certain tent, and he saw the four watchers go in and close the door. Night fell, and he crept down the slanting bluff into the camp. The only thing he had to fear was the barking of some dog. If a dog saw or heard him and barked, that would set all the other dogs barking, and he would be obliged to run for his life. Stealthily, as only an Indian can move on his softly moccasined feet, this arch thief of the thieving Crow Nation crept into the Blackfeet camp. He had to step over several sleeping dogs, and he did not awaken one. He came to the tent of the white horse. He looked it all over. He went to another teepee and took a travois from its side and carried it and set it up against the horse's tent.

A travois is the wheel-less wagon the Indians use in the summer. It is made of two long poles with the upper ends near together; the lower ends spread apart and drag upon the ground. You see by this description that if a travois is stood on end it can be made to serve as a sort of ladder. Thus the arch thief of the Crows used the one he put up against the horse tent. On it he climbed to the top of the teepee, and from

that form the sides of the chimney hole. He saw the horse dimly, and even more dimly he saw the four men beside the horse, all asleep. He climbed upon the tent poles; he poised his body very nicely in the chimney opening; he dropped fairly and squarely upon the white horse's back.

The instant he felt himself on the back of the beast his knife, which was in his hand, swept through the cord that tethered the horse. His heels shot in against the horse's sides, the bells rang out sharp and clear, and the horse snorted with surprise. But the pressure of the thief's heels urged the animal forward, and as he took one step the man reached out and slit a gash straight up and down through the fastened door, which was only buckskin. The four Indians leaped to their feet, but the horse and his captor were now out in the open ground and like the wind shot away from the camp. The watchers ran and yelled, the dogs barked, the whole tribe rushed out of the tents, and every man sprang to horse. But what was the use? There was no horse that could catch the animal, and so they all turned sadly home again after a mad ride of a mile or two. The thief rode in triumph home to the tents of the Crows, and from that day his tribe owned the great white horse, and his fame and their riches increased.—From Julian Ralph's "Stories Told by Indians" in St. Nicholas.

#### Bottled Down.

"Blinks has a perfect mania for censoring everything. Did you hear how he proposed?"

"No."

"He held up an engagement ring before the girl's eyes and said 'Eh?'"

"And what did she say?"

"She just nodded."

#### Agreed.

Wife—If I thought a thing was wicked I wouldn't do it. Husband—Neither would I. Wife—Ugh! I think smoking cigars is a wicked waste. Husband—Then you should not smoke. Hand me a match, please.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.—Rousseau.

#### Notice.

We have entered into a contract with the Southern Bell Telephone and Telegraph Company, in order to give our subscribers the benefit of the long distance service. This contract necessitates our renting transmitters and receivers of said Southern Bell Company. Therefore, on and after December 1st, 1905, our charges for telephones will be as follows: BUSINESS and OFFICE Phones, three dollars, Residence Phones, two dollars per month.

Telephones will not be installed for less than eight months.

Telephones rented for less than twelve months will be charged for at 50 cents per month more than the regular rate.

So. TEL. & CONST. CO.

By W. L. Moor, Pres.

#### G. B. Burhans testifies after four years

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed, and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." For sale by all druggists.

Read every page of this paper, as each one contains interesting reading matter.

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